Daugh. As ever you heard, but ſay nothing.
1. *Fr.* No. (him,
Daugh. They come from all parts of the Duke dome to
Ile warrant ye, he had not ſo few laſt night
As twenty to diſpatch, hee'l tickl't up
In two howres, if his hand be in.
Iay. She's loſt
Paſt all cure.
Bro. Heaven forbid man.
Daugh. Come hither, you are a wiſe man.
1. *Fr.* Do's ſhe know him?
1. *Fr.* No, would ſhe did.
Daugh. You are maſter of a Ship?
Iay. Yes.
Daugh. Wher's your Compaſſe?
Iay. Heere.
Daugh. Set it too'th North.
And now direct your courſe to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine ſaile, wher's your
Whiſtle Maſter?
Bro. Lets get her in.
Iay. Vp to the top Boy.
Bro. Wher's the Pilot?
1. *Fr.* Heere,
Daugh. What ken'ſt thou?
2. *Fr.* A faire wood.
Daugh. Beare for it maſter: take about: *Singes.*
When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.*

Emilia. Yet I may binde thoſe wounds up, that muſt
And bleed to death for my ſake elſe; Ile chooſe, (open
And end their ſtrife: Two ſuch yong hanſom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold aſhes of their Sonnes
Shall never curſe my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

The Two Noble Ki

What a ſweet face has *Arcite*?
With all her beſt endowments,
She ſowes into the birthes of n
Were here a mortall woman, a
The coy denialls of yong May
She would run mad for this m
Of what a fyry ſparkle, and qu
Has this yong Prince? Here Lo
Iuſt ſuch another wanton *Gan*
Set Love a fire with, and enfor
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and
A ſhining conſtellation: What
Of what a ſpacious Majeſty h
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno*
Smoother then *Pelops* Should
Me thinks from hence, as fro
Pointed in heaven, ſhould clap
To all the under world, the Lo
Of gods, and ſuch men neere
Is but his foyle, to him, a me
Hee's ſwarth, and meagre, of
As if he had loſt his mother
No ſtirring in him, no alacri
Of all this ſprightly ſharpene
Yet theſe that we count erro
Narciſſus was a ſad Boy, bu
Oh who can finde the bent o
I am a Foole, my reaſon is lo
I have no choice, and I have
That women ought to beate
I aske thy pardon: *Palamo*
And only beutifull, and thes
Theſe the bright lamps of b
And threaten Love, and wh
What a bold gravity, and ye
Has this browne manly fac
From this howre is Comple
Thou art a changling to him

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